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"IF YUH LOOKIN' FER A LADY DAT AIN'T AFEERED TER WORK, YUH WANTS TER GIT MA SISTAH."
"SHE'S STRONG, IS SHE?"
"WELL, YUH OUGHT TER SEE HER PLAY DE PIANAH."

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·LIFE·



HISTORICAL BITS

V.

GENERAL MARION SHARES HIS SWEET POTATOES WITH A BRITISH OFFICER.

Looking Backward.

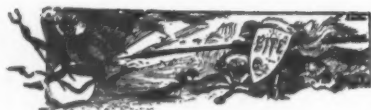
THE man who'd passed the spurious
coin, and who
The officers held safe in cell at last,
Mused thus: "They'd have hard work to
prove it true
If only I could but recall the passed!"

A Paradox.

TO crack this little problem
Is harder than a nut:
A woman's gown comes higher
The lower it is cut.

A Weary Plaint.

THE tramp applied for food, was set to
work
At chopping wood, and sighing, said:
"Good Lord!
To think of me a-working like a Turk,
And striking such an unresponsive cord."



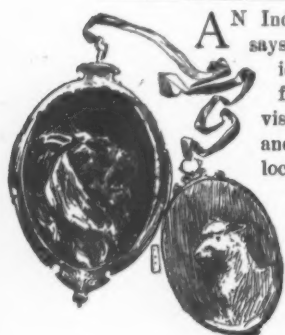
"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXIV. SEPTEMBER 21, 1899. No. 878.
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AN Indianapolis despatch says that Senator Beveridge has returned from a six months' visit to the Philippines and other far eastern localities, "thoroughly imbued with the idea that only American rule in the islands can save the natives from themselves."

In view of this opinion it is a comfort to recall that we have got a good many of them permanently saved already, and that the good work is going on. Why we should exert ourselves quite so strenuously to save the Filipinos from themselves is a little obscure. When Weyler had saved one or two hundred thousand Cuban reconcentrados from themselves, we thought so poorly of his scheme of salvation that we went in and bundled him and his successors out of the island. Conditions in Luzon are apparently different. Wherein the difference lies is not quite so clear to ail of us as we would like to have it, and for that reason we should welcome the announcement that, when Congress meets, Senator Beveridge is going to make a speech in the Senate and explain all about it. We shall be glad to hear from him. As long as we are going to save the Filipinos from themselves, we are anxious to be convinced that it is the right thing to do. If we can get them saved in time to save ourselves from Bryanism, so much the better.

About a year ago, before our efforts to

save the Filipinos had become so earnest, a gentleman who had lived many years in the islands said, in talking about the Filipinos, that as servants and laborers the Malays worked for Spaniards, Mestizos and other Malays; that the Spaniards used them best and their fellows of their own blood worst, but that they liked their own kind best and preferred Malay masters. This makes it seem doubtful whether the Malays will ever prove as grateful to us as they should be for saving them from themselves, but of course that does not excuse us from doing our full duty by them, and putting in our best licks to save them.



EVERYBODY knows that so far our control of Porto Rico has been disastrous to the interests of the island. We are not to blame for the hurricane which drowned thousands of people there and destroyed a vast deal of property, but we are to blame for killing Porto Rican trade. As it stands now, the islanders have lost their old privilege of taking their produce into Spain duty free. They have lost that market, and ours is closed to them by our duties on sugar and tobacco, and whatever else they raise. Consequently their produce is piling up on their hands and their business is dead. Nothing can be done for them until Congress meets, but no business that will come before Congress is more urgent than theirs.



THESE are very brisk days in Kentucky, where a statesman named Goebel is running for Governor on the Democratic ticket against all comers. There are very grave objections to Goebel, and they seem to be well-founded. His opponents aver that he got his nomination by rascality and unfair means, and that he is a murderer and an all-around bad man besides. In so far as killing a man constitutes murder in Kentucky, Goebel certainly achieved it some years since, but such an experience does not seem to disqualify a man for political preferment in the city of New York, and probably in itself it would not weigh very heavily against him in Kentucky.

There are, however, so many other sound objections to Goebel, that his defeat seems something that all good men should hope for. There has already been a hot fight against him, with a profuse use of deadly epithets, for a month, and unless he withdraws it will go on for six weeks longer. Colonel Bryan has been chartered to stump the State for him, and, altogether, sport is uncommon good in Kentucky this fall, and bullet-proof waistcoats are already in demand among the prudent.



THE discrepancies of purpose between Oom Paul Kruger and the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain continue to attract the attention of Christendom and promote uneasiness in its mind. According to LIFE's understanding of the basis of dispute, Mr. Chamberlain insists that Oom Paul shall have his hair cut, put a flower in his buttonhole, and behave as Mr. Chamberlain might behave if he were Oom Paul, while Mr. Kruger insists that his standards of behavior are good enough for him, and that no orchid-hunting Englishman shall teach him manners. At this distance from the scene of dispute it is difficult to forecast the issue of it, but if Mr. Chamberlain's barber once gets his hands into Mr. Kruger's hair there will be much less of it left than if Mr. Kruger would consent to have his own barber trim it. A war in the Transvaal would mean something very like civil war throughout South Africa. The Dutch and English are mixed up through all that country, and if they come to blows there will be tragical results. How does our friend Governor Roosevelt feel about this South African tangle? Is there enough of his somewhat vaunted Dutch blood left in him to make him sympathize with a Dutchman who stands between a Briton and a hill of pay-dirt?



THE most enduring monument to the late Judge Hilton which remains in New York is the hotel which Mr. Stewart built for working girls. It is built of fairly durable materials, and as long as it stands Mr. Stewart's executor will be remembered.



UGHT - TO - MOBILE.

"YES, HANG IT ALL, I'M STUCK! AND THE MAKER OF THIS THING SAID IT WAS A GOOD HILL-CLIMBER!"
 "MEBBE HE MEANT IT WUZ GOOD FER CLIMBIN' DAOWN HILL."

Reassured.

"YOU are so very clever,"
 He said, "I sometimes fear
 In culture I will never
 Keep up with you, my dear."

"Your mind is scientific,
 And philosophic, too;
 Your thoughts are so prolific
 I stand in awe of you."

"The things that I conjecture,
 To you are stories old;
 On many themes you lecture
 On which I am—well, cold."

"And so I sometimes wonder,
 In those dim future hours,
 When we have stepped out yonder,
 Beyond the aliar flowers,

"If, after all, we're fated
 Congenial souls to be—
 Sweetheart, will you feel mated
 With such an one as me?"

"You silly boy! How funny
 You talk," she cried. "Pray heed.
 The art of making money
 Is really all you need."

Tom Masson.

On a Yacht Deck.

A LAZY, drifting sea of blue,
 With golden glimmers shining
 through,
 And awning idly flapping;
 Brass rails a-shine, and over there
 A pretty girl in steamer chair,
 Her russet foot a-tapping.

And by her side, of course, a Man,
 In yachting cap and cheek of tan,
 Adoring you'll discover;
 Gazing up in her eyes so sweet,
 Like bits of sky their hues repeat
 The azure clouds above her.

A pretty picture, up to date—
 Summer and Youth, and Love and Fate,
 And Romance mingled freely.
 The girl is sweet—the man is true—
 Because it's what an artist drew,
 And didn't happen really!

Kate Masterson.

That is Coming.

"THIS ship that broke the ocean
 record," remarked Mrs. Poin-
 dexter, "the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*,
 was it named after the present Emperor
 of Germany or his grandfather?"

"It was named after his grandfather,
 Emperor William the Great," replied
 Mr. Poindexter. "The present Emperor
 will have a ship built to be called *Em-
 peror William the Greater*."

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Those French Generals.

THE officers who compose the "General Staff" talk copiously of "honor," yet the average burglar and sneak thief would blush at their methods. Individually they are a dazzling combination of malice, garrulity and ignorance.

We understand now why the French army in the Prussian war was never anywhere. A personal acquaintance with Generals Roget, Mercier, Boisdreffre, Billot, and a dozen others, explains a world of unexplainable things. All that is necessary for a thorough comprehension of how an army of brave men were persistently defeated, almost before reaching the field of battle, is to follow these veterans through the Dreyfus case. Unbounded vanity, prejudice and ignorance can produce surprising results.



Tough Bird: WHO ARE YOU LOOKING AT?

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

I.

I MET her at dinner two days after I landed in New York; then again a day or so later at some house in the country. And before I knew it, my stay, originally meant to be of the shortest, lengthened into a fortnight, and my idea of big game in the Rockies began to grow vividly less, for the simple reason that "Lord Gerald Vane had been potted at last," as old Cecil Graham would have said.

My position had been neatly changed—the hunter had been bagged himself. Of course she had no intimation of my feelings. I had neither written to the governor to get his consent, nor visited her father for his. The letter to my father was soon in the foreign post, though, and all that remained was the personal interview.

I looked for him at his club for a week, and then impatience bade me seek at his offices. Most extraordinary, how even the smartest Americans have offices somewhere or other just like ordinary city men at home; and it doesn't seem to make any difference, either; they're a deuced good sort. Trench managed to turn me out from my hotel by eleven, and I got on board that atrocious tram on stilts, and was hurtled away to what New Yorkers call "downtown," and in no time I was searching through a mountainous labyrinth on Broadway for Mr. Stephen Dent, barrister, or something of that sort, and at last found him. It was like interviewing a Cabinet Minister, though, the trouble it took to get the audience. I was passed from clerk to clerk, and it was only after the closest scrutiny that at last I was ushered into the old gentleman's private room.

"How are you, Vane?" he said, rising and greeting me cordially. "What the devil are you doing about, this time of day?" My card was still in his hand, and I could see he was surprised to see me, and puzzled.

"Something important," answered I, taking the chair he pushed towards me.

"Important, eh," he replied. "Well, that fits the hour."

"Meaning that you're busy. Well, I sha'n't detain you long."

"Not a bit of it. I'm delighted to see you, and I've got time to burn."

"I won't ask you to consume much of it," I went on, "though I don't like to take you by storm in this unceremonious manner. I've looked for you at the club several days, and as you didn't turn up I've hunted you up."

"Good!" he said, with just a trifle of mystification in his voice, at which I didn't wonder. And then, without further preamble, I plunged:

"I have come, Mr. Dent, to propose for the hand of your daughter, Miss Mabel."

I thought the old chap would have fallen off his chair at first, as he gasped: "To propose for Mabel?"

"Yes," answered I, and went on. "It may seem hasty to you—it is hasty, I have only known your daughter a month, but I know my own mind thoroughly, and I love her." I could feel my cheeks tingle as I said it, for no living person had heard the words before. For weeks—ever since that first night, that glorious night when I first sat next her at dinner—the words had been buzzing to be released, but I had guarded them well.

"Of course," I continued, before his amazement would allow him words, "you know very little about me. That I am the only son of the Earl of Ashford you probably do know. If not, the British Ambassador at Washington will vouch for me."

"My dear Vane," he interrupted, deprecatingly, finding voice at last, and with a twinkle in his eye.

"What is more important," I went on, feeling myself on particularly firm ground, "the entailed estate is in admirable condition, and yields between eighteen and twenty-five thousand pounds a year."

I wanted this shrewd old American to know that I wasn't

manceuvring to get at his strong box. The Ashfords and Vanes have always picked their wives regardless of dowry, unlike some of the mushroom families, who, having purchased their names in the seventeenth century, flaunt 'em about the market place in the nineteenth. And many a simple American has gotten bally little for his money.

"That's a detail," said the old gentleman, tapping his eyeglasses on the back of his chair. "Of course an extra hundred thousand or so a year would come in handy, but there is something of greater importance to be considered."

"I have written to my father," I explained hastily, "and am expecting an answer by the next steamer."



"I have come, Mr. Dent, to propose for the hand of your daughter."

"What has he got to do with it?" was the astonishing question that greeted me.

"Everything," I replied. "No Vane ever takes a step of the importance of this without consulting the head of the family."

His gray eyes were twinkling at me again.

"And what does Mabel think of being a prospective countess?" he asked, a bit crudely, I thought.

"My dear sir," ejaculated I, "you don't for a moment think that I have addressed your daughter on this subject?"

"You haven't asked her yet?" he cried, almost rising in his chair.

"How could I," questioned I, completely at sea, "without your permission?"

"My permission! Good heavens! I haven't anything to do with it. Nor has your father. You're not going to marry

us," said this astounding old man. "Go to Mabel. She's the party most concerned."

"You mean it?" said I, grasping his hand.

"Absolutely. I have no objection to the English nobility if Mabel hasn't," he replied.

"That's awfully good of you," said I, feeling that he had made some tremendous exception in my favor. And I dined contentedly that night for the first time in a month.

II.

SHE had left town for a fortnight, and after a day or so of mooning about the deserted streets and clubs—they seemed deserted—hoping at least for some word from the governor, I could stand it no longer and wrote her. I am not much on letters, but I managed to tell her my income and position, that her father had given me permission to address her, and that I was expecting hourly from my father parental sanction of my choice, and, of course, that I loved her. The letter once off, I had three shivery days of suspense, and fairly dreaded the sight of Trench in the mornings with letters in his hand.

I was breakfasting one morning about a week after my curious interview with old Dent when he handed me the governor's letter. The seal was broken with eager fingers, and the coffee cooled while I read:

"MY DEAR SON: The astonishing information in your last letter has delayed the answer, the purport of which you could have had little doubt. Thank God, Gerald, the house of Ashford and Vane needs not a parvenue penny. It stands solidly on the foundations that your ancestors builded four centuries ago; and when I am called to pass my trust on to you, it will be with the knowledge that an Ashford and a Vane yields to an Ashford and a Vane his talents well used. Give up any further thought of this preposterous mesalliance. I command it; and either return home or proceed on your journey. With affectionate esteem,

"Your father,

"ASHFORD."

The paper fluttered from my hand, and I felt as if ice had been poured into my veins. Blank dismay must have shone from my face, for Trench inquired uneasily: "Nothing wrong at home I hope, my lord?"

"Nothing, Trench, nothing," I managed to say. "Go. I'll ring if I want you," and he discreetly left me.

If I read the letter once I read it fifty times during the next two hours, with always the same inexorable result. I felt like one jolted by a blow. I paced the room in vicious impotence. I knew my father's indomitable will; I knew that, whether or no, I would inevitably yield. It is the tradition of the house. But the beginning and end of the impossible circle around which my thoughts hurled themselves was *she*. My abasement was nothing; it was the poor, unprotected girl



T. K. Hanna Jr.
1949

"The note—it was but a note—"

whom I, the veriest of cads, had dragged into humiliation. She couldn't understand, she never would, that above all earthly considerations, obedience, absolute and unquestioning, to the head of the house was the foremost tradition of the house of Ashford and Vane. My position was a horrible one, and two hours of frenzied consideration made it no simpler. If she had but had a brother who could have called me out it would have made a difference; I certainly couldn't accept a challenge from that jolly old beggar, her father. Should I cut and run? Never! And so the complication grew.

It was late in the afternoon before I had decided on a course of action. I would write her quite frankly of the governor's opposition, and what that opposition meant; I would explain thoroughly the tradition of the Ashfords and Vanes in regard to parental authority, and simply crave par-

don for what I would pray her to consider, at worst, an indiscretion. Oh, it was horrible! The humiliation of it all had fairly gripped me when Trench brought me her letter. Instinct told me it was from her, but courage failed me when it came to opening it. I could see those blue eyes looking at me in pained reproach; I fancied almost a tear, and those eyes were never made for tears; I could see that proud head bent in—"Oh, the tradition of the Ashfords and Vanes be damned!" I cried as I ripped open the precious envelope. The note—it was but a note—said:

"MY DEAR LORD VANE: I very greatly appreciate the honor you would thrust upon me, but what you ask is quite impossible. I trust, though, in refusing that you will still believe me sincerely your friend,

"MABEL DENT."

Trench and I left for Idaho the next day.

Louis Evan Shipman.



This Must Be So.

IT will be observed by the careful reader that the following news was sent as "special" to the *New York Times*. As a piece of news it is of more than usual importance. Its importance was evidently recognized by the sender. And the *Times* was obviously not blind to its value:

Harry Lehr's New Bracelet.

Special to the New York Times.

NEWPORT, Aug. 30.—Harry Lehr, the wine agent and society man, who has for a number of years humored himself and excited the comment of people generally by wearing a silver bracelet on his right wrist, has appeared here during the past few days with a silver bracelet on his left ankle. He wears it over his silk hose, and it can be seen plainly whenever he sits on his hotel veranda or rides in the daily automobile parade along the fashionable driveways. The anklet is an old ornament for women in the East, but this is the first time that an American has appeared adorned by one.

Like most other "society" items it fails to tell enough. Every American worthy the name is thirsting for information from Newport, and this gives us but the baldest facts, only whetting our curiosity.

Who is Harry Lehr? Is he all right? Is he a friend of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., or of Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend Burden, or of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clewes, or of somebody else who has



ARCHITECTURAL.

"55 x 24."

also achieved distinction in the ornamental field?

When our boys in the Philippines get this news, how are they to take it without endorsement? But they ought to know, from its being a "special" to a New York daily, that it must be true.

Cause for Action.

PASSENGER: I want to make complaint against this conductor.

CABLE CAR OFFICIAL: What has he done?

"He stopped the car to let me get on, and when I demanded an explanation for his strange conduct he refused to apologize."



The Lion: I AM REALLY AT A LOSS HOW TO ADDRESS HIM.



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ONE DIFFICULTY OF THE
KEEPING YOUR EYE ON THE

LIFE •



DIFFICULTY OF THE GAME.
KEEPING YOUR EYE ON THE BALL.



Two Polite Stars.

MR. JOHN DREW makes his annual bow to the New York public in Mr. Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears." Mr. Drew's abilities and methods are so well known, and have been so often noticed here, that there is no need to say more than that he has a part that fits him, and that there is no decline in his power to please. The cast is a small one. Miss Isabel Irving has the portrayal of an exacting young wife who controls her husband through her perfect command over her tear-ducts, until her overuse of the water cure drives him to morning champagne and open rebellion. The only sign of maturing genius shown by Miss Irving is the increasing strength of her mannerisms. Miss Ida Conquest has a part almost equally important. She makes it physically attractive, and her English dialect is imported direct. Mr. Arthur Byron brings to the rôle of the married man's bachelor friend a brusque sturdiness that provides an excellent foil to Mr. Drew's more polished manner.

The theme of Mr. Chambers's play is married woman's inhumanity to married man. Its clever lines and sketchy plot

convey just enough truth, wittily and epigrammatically expressed, to seem convincing. The author perjures himself like a gentleman and dramatist in the matter of probability, but probability is the last thing on earth we are looking for nowadays in society comedy. The lovely little matrimonial tract the hero reads from his stage pulpit at the end of the piece contains a great many wholesome truths, but its seriousness does not entirely remove the flavor of enjoyable persiflage that prevails throughout the piece.

The *charlotte russe* style of play which is the vogue in London just now, and of which "The Tyranny of Tears" is an excellent example, is not very satisfying to the hungry intellect, and one is apt to leave the theatre with a feeling of mental emptiness. This style is an improvement, however, on the preceding one, in which Mr. Oscar Wilde was a leader. It may appeal only to shallow minds, but it is certainly amusing and not harmful.

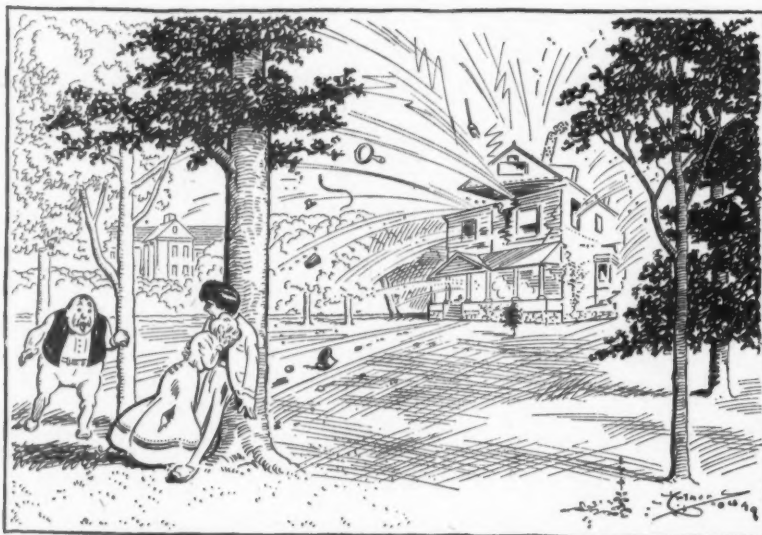
TO the danger of being broiled alive or crushed to death, the Casino Theatre has now added for the benefit of its patrons the joys of assault and battery. The news-

THE OCTUPUS

Mary had an Octopus
Which she could never lose.
It followed her to school each day
In India-rubber shoes.



paper accounts of the recent assault on one of its spectators by employees of the Casino recall the delightful knock-down-and-drag-out days of the choice resort at one time kept in Houston Street by Harry Hill, Esquire.



Neighbor: WHAT'S THE MATTER—EXPLOSION?

"WORSE. WE INVITED TWO FRENCHMEN TO DINNER, AND ONE TURNS OUT TO BE ANTI-SEMITIC AND THE OTHER A DREYFUSARD."

WITH respect of Miss Annie Russell's delightful presence in looks, voice and manner, there has never been the slightest question. In *ingenue* parts, especially those of the gingham sun-bonnet school, she has ever been a joy to eye and ear, and, when the case required, could touch our hearts. It has been her more recent task to convince us that she could equally delight us in the silks and satins of more conventional rôles.

"Miss Hobbs," clever and amusing farce that it is, does not give Miss Russell any great opportunity to demonstrate her powers. In other words, it is not a "star" piece, and the parts are so evenly balanced that Miss Russell's work, although thoroughly artistic and charming, does not seem pronouncedly better than that of her colleagues. In fact, Mr. Richman, by sheer physical size and masculinity, domi-

Correspondence of a Patriot.

I.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1899.

MY DEAR BARKER: I sail on the transport *Mark Hanna* next Tuesday morning for Manila, as Acting Assistant Quartermaster-General U. S. V. Roll that round in your mouth for the boys; and don't forget that it is a real good, gilt-edge thing—just like finding money.

When I got to Washington a month ago I hunted up Tom Bunkum, our Congressman, and told him I wanted a commission of some kind and asked him to get a move on. Tom didn't look gratified, and he sort of hinted that I was too heavy for cavalry, rather fat for infantry, and lacked experience for artillery. I wasn't taking any bluffs, so I told Tom while I didn't travel on my shape nor have any abnormal appetite for glory, I was hot after a commission with a salary and a chance to expand. He took the hint and waited me over to Senator Gasaloon, and introduced me as one of the most potent forces in the party in Pinetop County. Gasaloon started in to throw out a lot of style on me before he gave me a neat article of gold brick, but I wouldn't have it. Why, I knew the old bluff when he was running an insurance joint in Copperville, and I wasn't going to let him work off any of his conversation lozenges on me for the real article. I gave it to him straight. I told him the next Legislature would elect his successor; that the Honorable James Thomas Flabbers, the copper king, had his eagle eye on the job, and that my friends in Pinetop would come pretty near deciding which man would get free shaving for the next six years. I kind of hinted that commissions were to be had for the asking, and I was asking. I suggested that he put his strong Senatorial hand in the grab-bag and fish out a good thing while the same was on. The Honorable Peter William Gasaloon came off his perch quick and trotted me over to Russ Alger, who is pretty near the whole push in the town.

Say, Barker, it was dead easy after I got a move on Gasaloon, and T. Bunker stood



The boy eating: WHY DOAN' YOU FADER RAISE MELONS.

The other boy: HE'S GOT CHILLUN TER RAISE.

"SO'S MY FADER. WHAT YER SPECS HE DONE RAISE?"

"HAWGS."

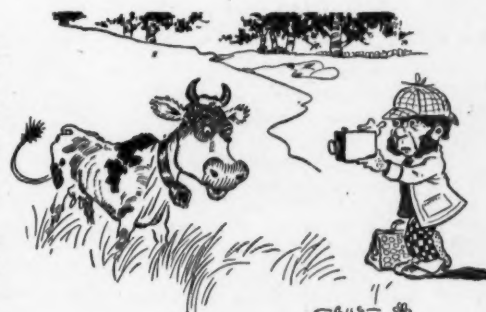
nates the scenes in which they appear together. Dear Mrs. Gilbert (how it would gall Mr. Daly to see the line on the programme which credits her to the Empire Theatre company!) also dominates in some scenes, as do others at odd times. This equal adjustment adds to the general enjoyment of the piece, but also explains why Miss Russell fails to score more palpably.

The public has had ample chance to measure Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's ability, and "Miss Hobbs" will confirm the popular estimation. It is not a finished work, nor does it possess marked originality. Some of its situations are sufficiently novel

to produce hearty laughter, and its lines sparkle with the frothy but enjoyable wit characteristic of Mr. Jerome's writings. Some of its Anglicisms sound strange placed in the mouths of Larchmonters, but the piece is not of sufficiently serious intent to make this a real blemish. "Miss Hobbs" is very amusing and furnishes a full evening's enjoyment.

Mr. Charles Frohman presents "Miss Hobbs." He does not claim the authorship. It is perfectly clean and wholesome, and self-respecting young women may witness it without blushing. This is strange, but true.

Metcalfe.



Man: NOW SMILE, PLEASE.

Cow: WHY, WHAT'S THE JOKE?



He: I HAVE NOT SEEN SISTER ALTHEA FOR SEVERAL DAYS.
"NO; SHE IS MOULTING."

around to endorse all the vocal notes I threw at the Administration. Both statesmen came to the front in big style. They said I was a man of rare executive ability, who was anxious to sacrifice home and mother to serve his native land in the perspiring Philippines.

"My lion-hearted boy," said Russell A., with a voice choked with emotion, "the country needs you. You are a little crowded at the equator, but a man can be useful and patriotic if he is fat; the plums are not always for the lean. You are now, my gallant fellow, at the pie counter of your native land. What'll you have? Are you for gunpowder, gore and glory, or do your tastes run to pie, pickings and patriotism?"

There's a statesman, my boy. There's a man that knows his business. There's the grand old man the copperheads have been making an African dodger of for two years. He's a perfect lady, and the country ought to be proud of him.

I told Russ that, while I longed to fight, I was no longer a sprinter; if it was all the same to him, I'd take something real soft and juicy. I hinted that my soul would burn with true devotion in a place where I could handle things and have a few chances.

"The quartermaster department is your oyster," said the old war-dog. "That's the best field for your financial and executive activities. Come round in a week and we'll

have you fixed all right to start for Manila. You go right over and see Corbin, and he'll tell you about your clothes and salary, and so on." That was the whole business, and here I am.

Gasaloon did the right thing by me—put me up at his hotel and gave me the freedom of his bottle and cigar-box; and Bunkum showed me the town. I want the boys to remember this when the party endorses the splendid patriotism of the Administration. See that Gasaloon and Bunkum are run in at the end of the resolutions and given a good send-off. Pinetop must stand firm for Gasaloon; he is a credit and ornament to our old State, and a fine type of our Anglo-Saxon race, if he is Dutch. Tell the boys to give J. Thomas Flabbers the shakedown; he is mixed up in Standard oil and his wife is from Boston; he refused to endorse my papers, and said a lot of stuff about West Point being allowed to run the army. Flabbers is no good. Stand by your friends. I will write from Manila. Yours, Q. M. D.

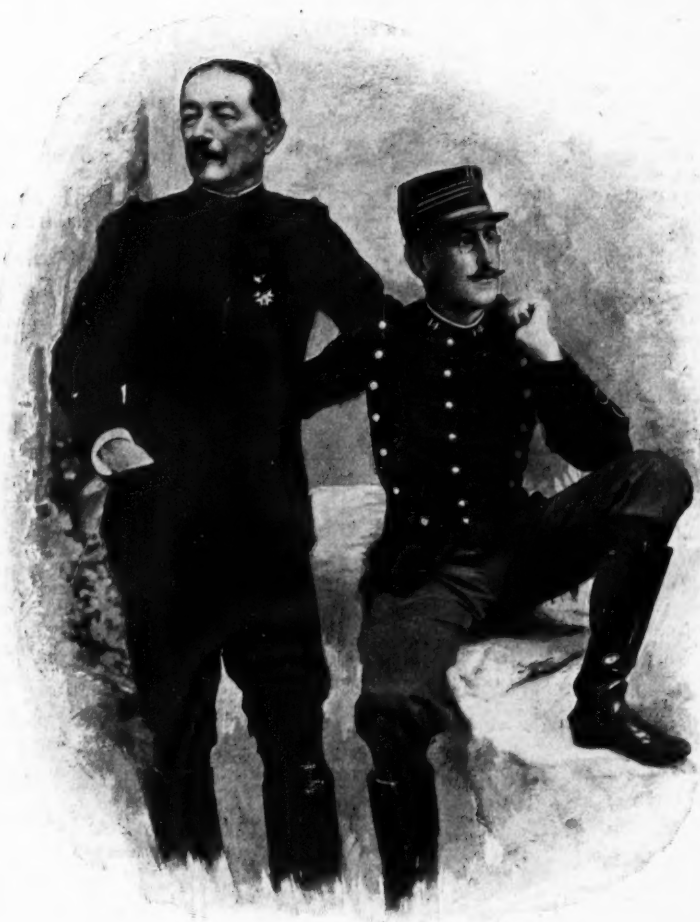
II.

MANILA, P. I., August, 1899.

MY DEAR BARKER: Here I am in Manila, the militia and the grand old quartermaster department, expanding the Republic and my personal estate, and showing the traitors and copperheads at home that

true patriotism still burns in American hearts.

You know all about affairs out here; we get the news when the home papers get here, as the official incenser is very discreet. I am glad to learn that the war would have been ended long ago but for the disloyalty and literature of the Boston cranks, who encourage the niggers to shoot our boys. It is no excuse to allege that our heroes make the Dagos fussy by chasing and shooting them and burning up their old towns, for it was distinctly understood by everybody that we were to introduce Anglo-Saxon benevolence, assimilation and civilization upon arriving here. I wish you'd mail me some of that incendiary Boston literature that Griggs is denouncing; we never see anything here until it is out of season, and I'd like to learn just what it is I'm mad about. It is a piece of mean and shameful favoritism that these black-and-tan Tagals, who can neither read nor write English, should be supplied with Atkinson's firebrands, while we patriots who are sacrificing our lives every day for our native land should be barred out. Why doesn't our Congressman look out for us fellows in the rear of the front? I am beginning to understand the obduracy of these niggers, and it shows the inherent duplicity and cowardice of Aguinaldo. I am reliably informed by a



LIFE'S ALBUM OF FRIENDSHIPS.
GENERAL MERCIER AND CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

man just from Duluth that Aguinaldo has seven mind-readers and fifteen clairvoyants on his staff, who have a line on Boston night and day. Perhaps you may begin now to realize the perils we are facing.

I notice the papers are abusing this climate to beat the band. Of course Manila isn't Coney Island, nor Luzon the Adirondacks; but when we clean out Aguinaldo we'll introduce a good brand of Anglo-Saxon weather here. People seem to forget that we found the climate on our hands when we got here, and the cranks and kickers seem to imagine that weather can be put up in cans and be opened when needed. It is as good a tropical climate as any in the yellow fever belt. It rains a good deal, of course, but as we have a lot of rubber and umbrella industries yawning

for business, and as I have spent some ten years in Maine, Kansas and Arizona, I see no particular objection to a little moisture.

I observe that the kickers have thrown down old man Alger at last. I am sorry, for he was a good man to the quartermaster, and a father to the commissary. We'll miss Russell A., you can bet. He was a man with a soft heart for a toiling quartermaster whose accounts got mixed by the enemy, and almost any kind of an affidavit went with the old man. It's tough. I suppose we'll be getting some measly civil service reformer in his place, who will go smelling around to know why things waste and disappear in this climate. I know one man who won't stand any nonsense of that sort, even to save his country. I propose to be treated like an officer and a gentleman,



Bee: YOUR HONEY OR YOUR LIFE.

and I don't want a lot of auditors nosing into my affairs. It is about time we stood up and rebuked the traitors who are tying our hands; our mission here must be accomplished, and grand old Anglo-Saxon civilization be planted here at whatever cost.

Speaking of cost reminds me that there is a fine opening here for an ice plant, a good American ice plant, one that will be an honor to the flag, and pay good money. Talk it up among the boys, get the capital, and I'll do the rest.

It will soon be necessary, I fear, to put forth the broad, generous hand of the government to look after the impoverished refugees of war. The papers at home should take it up and strengthen the hands of the men in power. The government must feed and clothe them or our national honor be tarnished. If the government moves in this urgent matter, I may be able to meet that note of Watson's at an early date. Tell the folks I am still fighting for that dear old flag.
Yours,
Q. M. D.

At the Table.

THE LOVER: Love makes the world go 'round.

THE LANDLADY: I wish love or something else would make this chicken go 'round.

The Place for Him.

"I'd like to enlist, but I'm not heavy enough," said Ricketts, mournfully.

"Why not join one of the skeleton regiments?" suggested Larkin.



"How do you do! Didn't expect to see a soul here!"
 "Um!"
 "Beastly hot everywhere, isn't it?"
 "Eh?"
 "Parks cleared out?"
 "'Course."
 "Where 're all the carpets gone?"
 "Beaten."
 "Anyone in the club?"
 "Flies."
 "Been doing anything to-day?"
 "No."
 "Dining out to-night?"
 "In."
 "Hear the Cheque-Smiths have got a decent house party for the twelfth?"
 "Rot!"
 "Well, the Pielets?"
 "Broke!"
 "Anyhow, they're all right socially."
 "She."
 "What's the matter with him?"
 "Sausages."
 "Then his father must be deuced rich."
 "Was."
 "Why, what happened to the old chap?"
 "Bad pork."
 "Great Scott, you don't say so!"
 "Police did."
 "There was a daughter, too—pretty girl; was rather—er—fast, eh?"
 "Is."
 "But she's married now, isn't she?"
 "Um!"

"Doesn't her husband manage to keep her in order?"
 "Can't."
 "Well, I call it deuced caddish of him, and if her father hadn't lost his pile he'd have been fussing about her now. Everyone says it was only the money he wanted. Dash it! What's the man's name?"
 "Mine."—*London Court Journal*.

A LECTURER who protested against people going to sleep during his disquisitions on heathen lands, would, if he perceived any tendency in that direction, introduce some queer or startling statement to revive their flagging attention.

On one occasion when his audience seemed rather somnolent he thundered out:

"Ah, you have no idea of the sufferings of Englishmen in Central America, on account of the enormous mosquitoes. A great many of these pests would weigh a pound, and they will get on the logs and bark as the white men are passing."

By this time all ears and eyes were wide open, and he proceeded to finish his lecture.

The next day he was called upon to account for his extraordinary statements.

"But I didn't say one mosquito would weigh a pound," he protested; "I said a great many of them would. I think perhaps a million of them might do so."

"But you said they bark at the missionaries," persisted his interlocutor.

"No, no, my dear sir; I said they would get on the logs and on the bark. You misunderstood me."—*Exchange*.

THE STAY-AT-HOME: Was it hot in the Philippines?

THE SOLDIER: Hot! Why, actually, if you wanted your steak rare you had to keep it on ice until five minutes before dinner. Even then it would sometimes be scorched before you got through eating it.—*San Francisco Examiner*.



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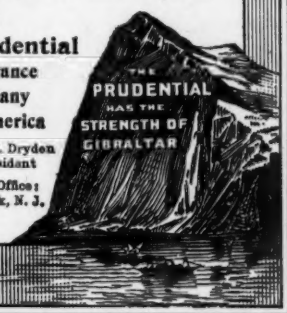
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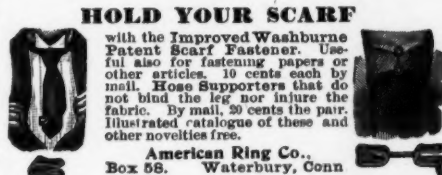
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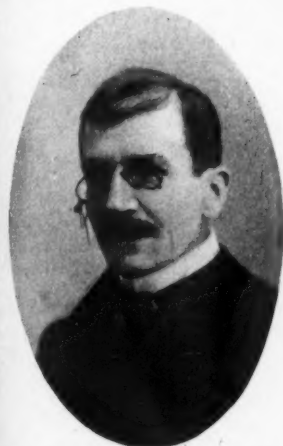
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"I know it does, sir; whiskey's what's killing me."
—*London Topical Times*.

SOLICITOR: My fee, madame, will be five dollars.

CLIENT: For what?

"For the opinion you had of me."

"But I assure you I never had any opinion of you."

—*Ally Sloper*.

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MISTRESS: The master found fault with your cooking today, Jane.

COOK: I don't take any notice of 'im, mum; it's his blessed nature to find fault. Ain't he always finding fault with you?—*News-Letter*.

THE lie had been passed between the two rival scientists, and a duel was inevitable. "Name your weapons," said the challenger, his pale face denoting that he fully realized the gravity of the situation. "We will fight," returned the other, "with cholera microbes in a darkened room."

—*Washington Star*.

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—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

JOHN CLERK, afterward known as Lord Eldin, was limping down High Street, Edinburgh, one day, when he heard a young lady remark to her companion, "That is the famous John Clerk, the lame lawyer."

He turned round and said, with his "not unwonted coarseness," "You lie, ma'am! I am a lame man, but not a lame lawyer."
—*Exchange*.

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"Luck!"

"Yes. Fancy a man's being allowed to stay twenty years in the mountains without its costing him a cent!"

—*Washington Star*.

"QUIGBEE is a queer sort of a chap. He told me yesterday that when he feels particularly blue and melancholy, he always sits down and reads a book of poems."

"And when he gets hungry I suppose he sits down and reads a cook book."
—*Baltimore Jewish Comment*.

"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, pretty considerable," answered the farmer; "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season."

"A farmer, is he?"

"No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."
—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Don't tell me you won't," said an East Side citizen to his five-year-old daughter.

"Well, papa, what must I say when I mean I won't?"
—*Ohio State Journal*.

"WELL, boy, did you tell your mistress I was here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, what did she say?"

"She said I was to say she had been out for a quarter of an hour."
—*Exchange*.



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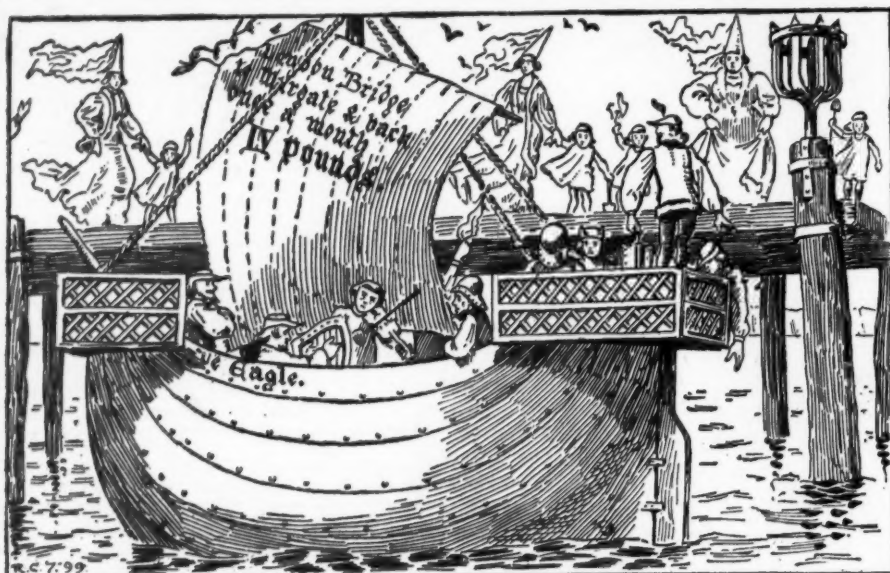
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